

THE WEATHER.
For Boston and vicinity:
Increasing cloudiness, followed by snow tonight; Wednesday, snow, followed by clearing; warmer to-night; fresh easterly winds, becoming higher to-night and shifting to westerly Wednesday.
High water: 1:17 a. m.; 1:27 p. m.

HEARST'S
BOSTON AMERICAN
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NEWSPAPER

SPORTING
Edition

10 PAGES

VOL. 1—No. 304. TUESDAY

BOSTON, TUESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1905.

Published by the New England

TUESDAY

10 PAGES

PRICE ONE CENT.

PRISONER TELLS HIS STORY TO MEN WHO DECIDE HIS FATE



Sketches in Court by a Boston American Artist.

CHARLES LOUIS TUCKER ADDRESSING THE JURY TO-DAY.

TUCKER JURY IS OUT

Retired for Deliberation at 1:55 P. M., and Fate of Man Accused of Slaying Mabel Page Now Rests With Them---Tucker's Statement of His Doings on Day of Crime.

The Tucker jury—the twelve "good men and true," who are to decide the fate of Charles Louis Tucker, charged with the murder of Mabel Page—began consideration of the case at 1:55 o'clock this afternoon. With his fate in their hands, the jurymen retired at that time.

The most dramatic incident of the prolonged trial came at its close, when Tucker spoke to the jury in his own behalf. After the closing arguments of his own counsel were in, after Attorney General Parker, representing the State, had said his final say in the case, the accused stood up in the prisoners' pen and spoke to the jurymen.

It was a frank assertion of innocence. He said:

Tucker's Own Story.

"I have only a few words to say, gentlemen, and that on the 31st of March, 1904, I was at my home taking up the lawn, and on the 9th day of April, on Saturday, the officers came to my house, and it was after that that I broke up this knife."

"While working on the lawn, it was so warm I took off my collar and necktie and put my pin in my pocket. Just after that I took my knife to my room, and then went down into the cellar and broke it up and put it into the same pocket with the pin."

"The officers came to me so much that I got frightened and broke the knife. This postal card, gentlemen, I received on the 8th or 9th of April. It is stamped the 2nd of April, and was in Lynn at that time. And gentlemen, I wish to say that on the 21st of March I was just as happy as any boy could be. I had everything in this world to live for, a good mother, father and a good home."

Explains His Walk.

"And, gentlemen, I did not have in my mind the Page family, nor did I have in my mind anything to harm them in any way."

"I also wish to say, gentlemen, that on this day, the 31st of March, I went to walk leisurely, having a smoke to pass away the time, and I went to Cutler's Corner, and then down to the railroad track to see them about, and then went home along the railroad track."

"After that I went to the theatre with my father, as happy as any boy could be, and thinking that there was any crime happening in Weston until the reporters and the police came to me."

"They came to me so much and put my name into the papers. That I got frightened and broke the knife. That was the reason I did it."

"He was frightened. It was the only one they wanted to put things in the paper about, and it frightened me."

"This postal card, perhaps it has a few names on it, but I do not recall them. I don't know any Martin, so my recollection there may be a J. D. Martin in the South station, whom I worked four years, but I don't remember the man."

"And, gentlemen, I would have no excuse to write any letters name on the postal card as they were written on this slip—I forget the initials now—Morton, Charlestown, Mass. I know no such man, and know no people in Charlestown, and I would not have any idea to place any such name on that slip of paper."

"That is all, gentlemen."

A little later, after Tucker had been led to court, he was again addressed by Attorney James H. Vane, who told him that he was to be tried for the murder of Mabel Page. The jury was better than the argument delivered by Mr. Vane himself.

PARKER CONCLUDES.
Tucker's appeal came after Attorney General Parker had concluded his summing up for the State. As the Attorney General resumed his seat Judge Sherman turned to the jury.

Other News of Tucker Trial in Pages 2 and 6.

JAPS REPULSED AT THE SAKHE

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 24.—General Korotkiy reports that the Russians repulsed four Japanese attacks against Sakherben on Sunday and Monday. The Japanese retired, leaving 200 dead and wounded on the field.

BEARCE, COURT CLERK, OUSTED

The discharge of Assistant Clerk Francis P. Bearce of the Suffolk Superior Court has been followed by discharge of Walter P. Bearce, another member of the court's clerical force, and grandson of Albert E. MacDonald to succeed Mr. Bearce.

OBSERVES FIFTIETH YEAR.

Gertrude Long of Mallow, one of the few German judges of the order in New England, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary in Mallow Temple with concert, reception, dinner and dancing. Some of the after dinner speakers were: Lieutenant Governor Guild and Alderman Edward J. Breuninger.

CHARGED WITH BRIBING JURY

SALEM, Jan. 24.—Walter C. Donahue and Daniel Connelley of Danvers pleaded not guilty today to the charge of attempting to bribe jurors in the Little-Elevator case now being tried in the Superior Court. They were held in \$2,000 each until Wednesday at 3 p. m.

2 BOYS MISSING; \$76.90 ALSO GONE

Harriet Horwath, of No. 124 Centre street, reported to the police today that her fourteen-year-old son Albert had been missing since noon yesterday, together with \$76.90, which had been given to him to deposit in the Boylston National Bank. Henry Horwath, of the same age, living at No. 1092 Washington street, and a child of young Horwath, have also disappeared. It is believed they have gone to Portland, Me.

WILL PROTEST EXPULSION

Special Cable to Boston American. LONDON, Jan. 24.—Fred McCallister, agent of Messrs. Bondy, of New York, who is sailing on the Titanic, was arrested in Russia and later expelled from the country. He contravened regulations in private, and the treatment accorded him in Russia. He will protest against his expulsion.

HOTEL REKX FIRE QUICKLY PUT OUT

Quick work on the part of the firemen saved Hotel Rekx from a serious damage shortly after 1 o'clock, when a fire was discovered in the sixth floor in an unoccupied room. The blaze started by the falling of the fire was kept in the room, causing a damage of about \$100.

TAUNTON EX-MAYOR DEAD.

TAUNTON, January 24.—Ex-Mayor Charles F. Johnson, for many years head of the Taunton Brick Company, died last night of apoplexy, aged 62.

POLAND IN STATE OF REBELLION

Pitched Battle Fought in Streets of Radom with the Czai's Troops.

PRIBLIS, Jan. 24.—The local Anager reports that rebellion has broken out at Radom, 57 miles south of Warsaw. The city is in a state of anarchy, with fighting in the streets.

Other War News on Page 3.

CIVIC BRANCH FORMED HERE

With its prominent organization composed of the three Boston Civic Federations, is now preparing to go about the work of establishing in Boston one of the seven federal centers, to be located throughout the country, under the direction of the national body. The American Civic Union will be the first to be formed, and the first meeting will be held on the 25th of January, which is under that of New York.

FIVE WARSHIPS IN THE HARBOR

The cruisers Minneapolis and Chattanooga, the gunboats Eagle and Newport, and the powerful armored cruiser Maryland, all of which are anchored in various parts of the harbor, are the first of the new cruiser Maryland, of the Cape Ann class, to arrive. Two Boston Tugboat Company boats have been chartered by the government to act as lookouts.

The Maryland is to run over a course from Thatcher's Island toward Boston, via a distance of forty-five miles.

HAIR OP BRONZITE!

THE question raised in the BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN whether the blonde or brunette woman is the highest type of beauty, is arousing widespread interest among the readers of this paper.

Both styles of feminine loveliness have their ardent partisans, who are able to furnish strong convictions, and they are beginning to send in their opinions in letters on the subject. Some of these are printed to-day.

This question will doubtless be an interesting one for readers of the Woman's Page of the BOSTON AMERICAN to discuss, and letters giving personal preferences and arguments favoring one type or the other will be welcome.

What is your choice? Address letters to Editor Woman's Page, BOSTON AMERICAN, 50-52 Summer street.

HOW HER HAIR HISTORY

Editor Woman's Page: Why not let history tell this modern controversy? Does not history show that blondes were considered the first adorned beauties, the educated beauty, the most beautiful woman? Does George Washington, himself a blonde, not give the blonde woman among all the women of the world?

W. F. MEIER.

HER HAIR OF BEAUTY

Editor Woman's Page: The most beautiful woman I ever saw is now in Bridgport, Conn. She is large, with dark hair, large eyes, and a fine nose.

PATTISON.

BLONDE, FICKLE AND UNSTABLE

Editor Woman's Page: As to which is the more beautiful, blonde or brunette, I wish to state that neither are admitted by me. As a rule, I am more attracted by the brunette and more repelled by the blonde.

JOHN DOWEN.

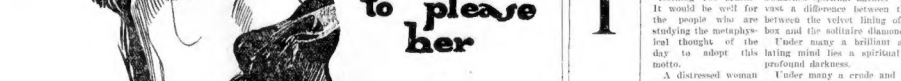
Seven Years of

By Dorothy Dix

Woman

No. 5

That her children may not marry to please her



Health of Body and Balance of Mind Needed to Make a Perfectly Rounded Existence

HAT was a great motto of the old Greeks, and it does not mean an unbalanced spiritual nature. There is as vast a difference between the two as between the violet, the realization of the poet, and the solitary diamond within.

Under many a brilliant and scholarly mind lies a spiritual nature in profound darkness.

Under many a crude and unbalanced mind moves and throbs a wide-awake spiritual nature.

But that for which we should seek is the perfect trinity of body, mind and spirit.

The spiritual nature is not properly awakened to its own rights if the body is diseased or unbalanced, the mind is ignorant or unbalanced. Health, balance and power belong to the Real Man.

Health of body, balance of mind, power of spirit—these are the three essentials of a rounded existence.

The woman who has become unbalanced in trying to deny her body has been almost overthrown of the trinity. She would find a good time in going back to the body, for the body is the foundation of the soul, and the soul is the foundation of the spirit.

I know of many women degraded and debased by the neglect of their bodies. I know of many women who have been degraded and debased by the neglect of their minds.

That is all there is to the subject which is needed for our contemplation.

Health and Beauty

DEAR MISS LANG:

I am a young girl and have quite a lot of letters on my paper this week. I think I will write to you a few lines.

I could mention to you a great many things, but I will only write to you a few lines.

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Consuming Dread That Some Calamity Will Befall Her Children Is Woman's Fifth Terror

THE fifth fear that keeps women in a state of mortal terror is the fear that some calamity will befall their children, that they will be sick or will get hurt, or will die.

From the time her first baby is born until her youngest child dies of old age, a mother never knows one moment's tranquillity and peace of mind. She is always possessed of a consuming dread that some calamity may happen to her children, or that they will be sick or will get hurt, or will die.

It seems utterly impossible for women to take their children rationally, calmly and even cheerfully and happily, and to indulge the expectation that they will be healthy and happy instead of sickly and miserable. A mother isn't built that way, and it is simply constitutionally impossible for her to believe that her children are so now liable to misfortune than other people.

She feels that her offspring are always waiting and watching for the disaster that will befall them.

She goes on and on, and she is always waiting and watching for the disaster that will befall them.

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Married to Mystery

Boston American's Thrilling Story of Present Day Life in Boston

Chapter CXLVIII.—Continued

"I CAN'T think that Mrs. Boreade was the mother of the creature who was created by her."

"I am not a creature who was created by her."

"I am not a creature who was created by her."

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Boys' Pleated Suit

THE 4-6-10 suit is a most important one in the wardrobe of the young man. It is the one that he wears to the most important occasions.

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HEARST'S BOSTON AMERICAN

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

80 AND 82 SUMMIT ST., BOSTON, JANUARY 24, 1905.

Frederick the Great
Statue Is All Right

If Americans Who See It Invite Him
They Will Do Well

Here is a letter from an earnest reader. We print it although we are obliged to disagree with him absolutely.

Editor of the BOSTON AMERICAN:

It is a disappointing incident in all who value and ad-

verse the sterling patriotism and true American spirit of your esteemed paper to observe that they have remained silent at the perpetration of one of the greatest outrages on any republican institution—one of the most venerable symbols ever offered to the house, washstand and parlor of America—viz, the erection of a bronze statue in Washington to the military hero, Frederick the Great. The worst of it is that failure of your paper to rouse the national conscience—to make an appeal to the public in your columns against this crowning infamy—may be regarded as an acquiescence, a recognition of one of the most disgusting bores ever cast on Freedom's shore. You see it, therefore, in your great array of readers to any what stand you have taken in the matter. We cannot close our throat from differences that the degrading thing should happen at all. As the matchless American general, R. E. Lee, said in his famous farewell of his devoted soldiers, "My heart is too full to say more."

G. L. HENRY.

Our reader, Mr. Henry, is one of a great many Americans who seem to be excited about the statue of Frederick the Great given to this country by the German Emperor and put up at the National Capital.

We do not share this excitement. We are not opposed at all to the acceptance and installation of that statue.

The Great had many of the qualities that we like to make up good citizens everywhere—including good UNITED STATES citizens.

If Americans should be impelled by this statue to study Frederick's character, his achievements and the causes of his success, the statue would do great good.

In the first place, it is the gift of the German people to whom we are united in many ways. We owe to Germany—the Germany that produced Frederick the Great—many citizens who have brought some or all of his qualities to this country, thus making the country stronger.

What was the character of Frederick the Great?

In the first place—we mention this to placate the American who wants to tear him down—he had the good sense to appreciate and admire the character of George Washington. He realized that our famous son was really a great man. He was among the first in the old country to know it and to say it. EMPHATICALLY.

Some of our English cousins knew it pretty well at about the same time, but they had their good reasons for not saying much about it.

Frederick could recognize and admire a good American when he saw him. The least that we can do is to recognize and admire that good old intelligent fighter when he comes over here in bronze.

Frederick was a man in all ways to be copied by the young American who wants to "get on." In the first place, he devoted himself to his own business with fierce energy.

He was brave, yet in no way foolhardy. He was intensely ambitious, and at the same time extraordinarily patient and persistent. The second and third adjectives realized the first.

He was a man that could not be discouraged. He could fight as well with odds against him as with all the odds in his favor.

Himself a fighter and an organizer, he had brain enough to appreciate in others the qualities that he did not possess, although he may have wanted to possess them, and may even have imagined that he did possess them, as great men often do.

He liked and cultivated Voltaire—big in mind and living on earth at the same time as he did. He had him at his court, learned from him, even put up with a great deal of Voltaire's ill-temper.

King that he was, Frederick had sense enough to deal fairly and justly and sensibly with another king—a king that had MADE HIMSELF instead of being born to the job.

It is a good thing to have scattered throughout the United States monuments of great men.

Frederick WAS a great man, and we should be glad to accept with common decency the statue that is offered to us in the name of the German people by the young Emperor who now holds Frederick's place. Politics is a good thing of itself, and those who charitably resent a well-meant and friendly action by the German Government lack politeness, surely.

It would be an excellent thing if the different European people would send us well selected—a collection of their great men sufficient to line Pennsylvania avenue on both sides and form a ring all around the Capitol.

If every one of the countries, from the little lands up North to the little lands in the South of Europe, could send us two or three or a dozen bronze men to remind us of their lives and characters, it would be an excellent object lesson to the rather too well satisfied American.

We are too much inclined to think well of ourselves and look with hostile eyes at others who were doing good work before we were ever heard of; too much inclined to conclude that things are not important or not good because they are not American.

Frederick the Great was no "hyena." In his day, as at other times, war was a serious business, neither gentle nor sentimental. He fought hard and men had to die.

But his fighting did good. Great and strong men have grown up in the shadow of that German man which he made so strong.

He helped the world when he ripped up the foolish pretensions of the Hapsburgs.

He kept alive the identity and power of his country—and lucky it is for America that he did so.

Peace to the old man's remains and kind treatment of his bronze statue is what we hope for.

RAILROAD RATES, DIVIDENDS AND WAGES

Editor BOSTON AMERICAN:

In President Taft's recent address to railway men's organizations, does he not have his argument upon a very low level in appealing to the most selfish motives of the lazzaroni, viz., the fear of losing their wages reduced?

Should that alternative present itself, would it not be better to pass a law that no quasi-public corporation should have the legal right to pay over two per cent. dividends?

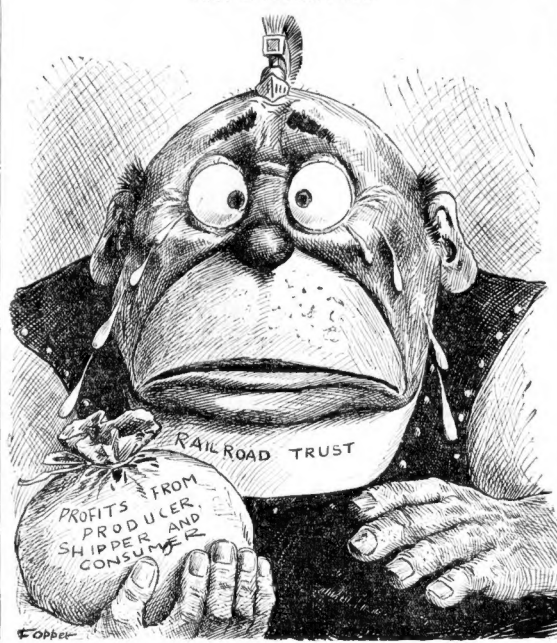
Has not the Boston & Maine railroad paid about all its dividends in the last three years in New England instead of leaving the balance of the year's earnings to be distributed as the average old shareholder expects?

Has not the Boston & Maine paid less than three per cent. dividends since the Boston & Maine and its branch lines, some at seven per cent., might continue to pay dividends at the rate of seven per cent. on the average? OLD SHIPPER.

Warren, N. H.

A TOUCHING APPEAL

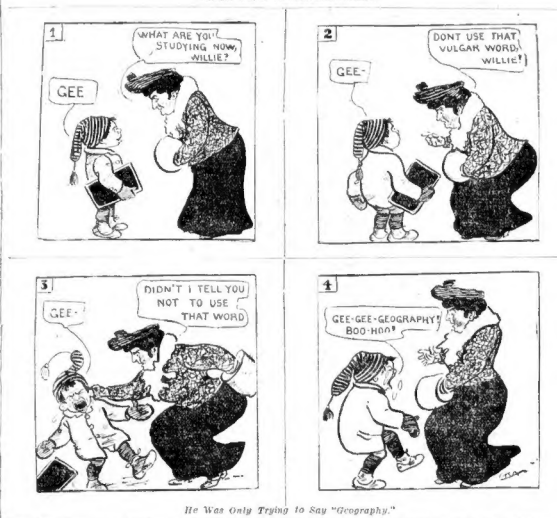
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"I admit I ought to be regulated, but please don't be too hard on me!"

TOO BAD THAT WILLIE STAMMERS

Copyright, 1905, by American Journal Company.



He Was Only Trying to Say "Geography."



HIS CUP IS FILLED TO OVERFLOWING WITH BITTERNESS AND NOTHING CAN SWEETEN IT

Copyright, 1905, by American Journal Company.

It must be ready to give.

Mr. Martyn, I have tried for years to be honest, to be kind, in fact, to be everything that Robert Louis Stevenson says a man ought to be to be happy; but there is no one to see, and my efforts, no one to look lovingly over my shoulder as I toil and breathe words of encouragement in my tired eyes.

I had hoped that my children would be some comfort to me, but no. One of them is this minute engaged in taking the red-hot coals out of the furnace and sprinkling them over the fringes of their nefarious operations. I heard him planning it, and I hated the heart to punish him.

Another took my military hairbrush and put it in the mattress of my bed last night, and as a result the brushes are ruined and my back is as itched as if I had been through a mange cure.

My daughter, the pride and joy of my heart, my pretty, once thoughtful daughter, last night washed my pajamas in the bath tub and sent them outside the window to cool. You can best imagine what they were like when I found them and tried to put them on.

And while all this is going on, what do you do? Do you lay a soothing hand upon my knee and tell me not to mind that they'll try to make the little incidents act less like trouble? Do you go into the kitchen and, with loving hands, prepare me delicacies to drive away the memory of the torture that my own offspring has inflicted upon me?

Why? I ask you, Mrs. Martyn?

Simply because I have had no sympathy to help from you.

Do you think Russell Sage could have achieved his eminence if he had not been willing to sit by his hearthside and drink words while he acquired the principles of philosophy as they came?

Do you imagine for a minute that H. H. Harnham would have been more than a honest bricklayer on an accommodation train if his family had not been in his high house and aspirations?

Never! It is no use, Mrs. Martyn. Fame's dream is for the young and the big, and I am old and small.

These Kansas ten-year marriage contracts are a little more than the world needs with a young and loving husband, but the gifted author of that measure for the amelioration of down-trodden mankind was, alas, not born in Boston, but out among the down-trodden and victims of bleeding Kansas.

When I talk to you of my work you look at me and ask me the Elias case is getting along and why they don't shut it up like a tin can.

What do I care for Nau, Patterson? If those females were as interested as to get into trouble, it is no affair of mine.

Then you inquire what this Morse-Dodge case is all about, and want me to go into an intimate analysis of the whole affair. Gee-rumblers! If there is anybody who understands the first thing about that affair I should like to see them. I wouldn't undertake to explain it to Herbert Spencer, much less to a woman.

Then when I sit down to dinner, to get the nourishment which a three-brain demands, I find that the girl has used a lamp like the incense burner, and that it tastes like an old tank. And you explain it by saying that if I did like macaroni there are plenty of potatoes to eat.

One by one, all my dreams have vanished. In my lifetime I have seen John

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